

To the WORSHIPFUL
JOHN LACY, Esq; MAYOR,
The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgeffes,

And the Rest of the Worthy Inhabitants
of the Town of NORTHAMPTON,
This yearly BILL of MORTALITY is presented,
By their most obedient humble Servant,
JOHN COX.

The BILL of MORTALITY within the Parish of *All-Saints*, from the 21st of December 1789, to the 21st of December 1790; including Persons (in Number 9) buried from the *County-Infirmery*; the Meeting in *College-Lane*, 6; the Meeting on the Green, 0; at the Chapel in *King's-Head Lane*, 5; and the Quakers' Burying-Ground, 0.

DISEASES in the Parish of *All-Saints*.

Abortive and Stillborn	2	Chincough	3	Fevers	12	Mortification	4
Aged	15	Consumptions	21	Fits	14	Suddenly	3
Asthma	3	Convulsion	3	Fractured Skull	1	Thrush	1
Accidental	1	Dropsy	5	Inflammations	5		

WHEREOF HAVE DIED,

Under Two Years old	24	Ten and Twenty	6	Forty and Fifty	10	Seventy and Eighty	10
Between Two and Five	5	Twenty and Thirty	10	Fifty and Sixty	5	Eighty and Ninety	4
Five and Ten	2	Thirty and Forty	8	Sixty and Seventy	7	Ninety and an Hundred	0

The Ages of the other Parishes, not included.

CHRISTENED.				BURIED.		
	Males	Females	Total.	Males	Females	Total.
ALL-SAINTS. - -	61	47	108	49	33	82
St. SEPULCHRE'S.	11	18	29	15	16	31
St. GILES'S. - -	14	12	26	8	18	26
St. PETER'S. - -	2	3	5	4	4	8
At the Meeting in St. Peter's Parish - - -				6	4	10
In the whole Town.	88	80	168	82	75	157
Births among the Dissenters, not included.	Increased - -		11	Decreased - -		15

Ne commentem recta sperne. BUCHAN,
Despise not my good Counsel.
HE who sits from Day to Day
Where the prison'd Lark is hung,
Heedless of his loudest Lay,
Hardly knows that he has sung:
Where the Watchman in his Round
Nightly lifts his Voice on high,
None, accusom'd to the Sound,
Wakes the sooner for his Cry:
So, your Verse-Man, I, and Clerk,
Yearly in my Song proclaim
Death at Hand—yourselfes his Mark—
And the Foe's unerring Aim.
Duly, at my Time, I come
Publishing to all aloud—
“ Soon the Grave must be your Home,
“ And your only Suit a Shroud.”



But the monitory Strain,
Oft repeated in your Ears,
Seems to sound too much in vain,
Wins no Notice, wakes no Fears.
Can a Truth, by all confess'd
Of such Magnitude and Weight,
Grow, by being oft impress'd,
Trivial as a Parrot's Prate?
Pleasure's Call Attention wins,
Hear it often as we may;
New as ever seem our Sins,
Though committed ev'ry Day.
Death and Judgment, Heav'n and Hell—
These alone, so often heard,
No more move us than the Bell
When some Stranger is interr'd.
Oh then, ere the Turf or Tomb
Cover us from ev'ry Eye,
Spirit of Instruction, come—
Make us learn that WE MUST die!

Comper